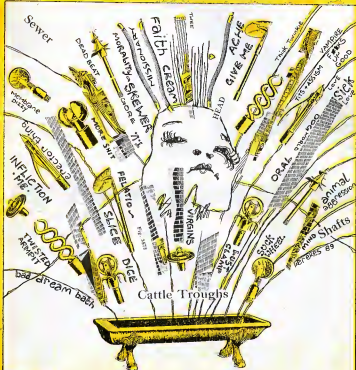


SHEER FILTH!

No.8 January '90

Adults Only





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REPRINTS WORLDWIDE - BE NOT ASHAMED - BE CREATOR WITH YOUR FILTH!!

FILTHY THOUGHTS

So...here we are again, after all this time. Reasons & excuses for why this issue of **SHRER FILTH** is over 5 months late are many & complex, but suffice to say that it's partly to do with my health, or rather lack of it. Still, alls well that ends well, & here we are again, fit as the proverbial fiddle & (hopefully) better than ever.

As consolation for the lateness of this edition, we've gone all out to improve things. This issue sees the addition of another 8 pages, which will hopefully give **SF** room to experiment without cutting back on the traditional features. We shall see. I've also finally invested in a word processor, which - once I've figured everything out - should give the times visual appearance a considerable boost.

One result of my 'down' period was a complete inability to write anything. This issue should've contained a review of **HEART OF MIDNIGHT**, but I couldn't manage it. Suffice to say that it is an extremely interesting film, highly recommended. One word of warning though - Jennifer Jason

Leigh doesn't actually wear that dress until the very end of the film....

More news on Traci Lords - the new John Waters film is **CRY BABY**, starring Traci with Iggy Pop, Patty Hearst & Mink Stole. It's a musical about the early days of rock 'n' roll. The rumour of a recording session with Gene 'N' Rosen seems to be just that - a rumour. She did, however, collect an MTV award for them, & is featured on the cover of a G'EM bootleg single. What's more she is signing a recording deal with a 'major label'. She's also appeared in **WISS CRY** (whatever that is) & **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO**. Those of you in need of exercise can get the Traci Lords workout tape....more (I'm sure) next time....

As mentioned earlier on in this ranting mess, I'm hoping that the page count increase will mean that **SF** will be able to expand its horizons further. way back in **SF** 2, I commented that there was no reason why the zine shouldn't feature more & book reviews. Now, I'd like to see the zine extend further, beyond the world of the media, & into the rough world of cult lifestyles in general. Much depends, naturally, on the response from contributors, but I'm hoping for the best...

Nine to see the **NRFC** are as reliable as ever. Just when it seemed that they were finally coming to their senses - passing the likes of **BAD TASTE**, **SOCIETY** & **JOHN HENNS** without cots - they show that they're still as stupid as ever by banning **VISIONS OF ECSTASY** on the grounds of blasphemy, & **DEATH WISH** - a film shown several times on TV - being refused a video certificate. Idiots.

On a (slightly) happier note, there's the possibility of **SHRER FILTH** presenting a film screening or two in Manchester during this year. Nothing definite yet, but titles under consideration include the infamous Japanese torture film **VIOLATED ANGELS**, George Kuchar's **THE DEVIL'S CLEAVAGE** & rare classics by Waters, Korenwyk & others. All on loan, & pretty scarce. Anyone interested in further info should drop an SAE to the usual address, & when full details are known, I'll be in touch.

My God, I don't believe it. **SHRER FILTH** 8 is finally finished. Now to get going on issue nine.....

SHRER FILTH: No. 8. Published whenever it's finished.

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THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING FOR THEIR HELP DURING THE HARD BLOG: DAVID F.

FRISMAN, HERSCHELL CORINA LEWIS, RAL, NICK CHINE, GRAPHIC ANTHUSY, TIM GRAVES, DAVID CHURCHILL, STEFAN KWIATKOWSKI, MALCOLM DUNLIS, VICTOR, MATTHEW THOMAS, BILL MARSHALL, MARK MORRIS, JOHN HYNDGATE, & EVERYONE ELSE. A SPECIAL THANKS TO THOSE PEOPLE WHO PAID FOR THIS AGED AGG & WHO HAVEN'T PLAUGHED ME WITH COMPLAINTS.

BACK ISSUES: 4 - 7 STILL AVAILABLE. 75p/\$2.00. LETTERS REQUESTING A COPY MUST INCLUDE SAE/IRC. NO FILMS FOR SALE - TRY THAT PRAT IN SCOTLAND. ALL PRIVATE AGG ARE FREE & AT YOUR OWN RISK. CONTENTS ARE COPYRIGHT © 1990 **SHRER FILTH** & THE INDIVIDUAL WRITERS, & SHOULD NOT BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM BOTH. NOT THIS JOURN BY THE NEW GEM (LCCO), DAVID KAPLAN (OCTO) & MARK BROWN (JERIC TRAIL). THANK YOU & GOODNIGHT.

Becky Savage



BOB'S LESSON



Mighty Monarch of the Exploitation Film World: David Friedman

The career of David P. Friedman, sultan of sleaze, was covered in length in **SHEER FILM 5**. Here, he talks to David Flint about his remarkable life in the wild & wonderful world of exploitation film....

YOU'VE BEEN DESCRIBED IN MANY WAYS OVER THE YEARS..HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF, & YOUR POSITION IN THE HISTORY OF EXPLOITATION?

I'm the youngest (66) living member of the 2nd generation of American Exploitation Film. There are now 4 generations. Louis Sonney, Babb, Klaw, Pappy Golden, Willis Kent, Kendis, all belong to the 1st generation. Dan Sonney, Russ Meyer, Ed Wood, Peter Perry, Doris Wishman are in my generation. 3rd generation includes Bob Cresse, Lee Frost, Ray Steckler, Fred Ray, Harry Novak, Redley Metzger. And the 4th generation is represented by all the young hotshots who started in hard-core porno in 1972-73 & are still doing it, & in my opinion, have gotten worse over the years, instead of better.



FRANK PRODUCTIONS presents "SECRETS OF LIFE" with ALL STAR HOLLYWOOD CAST

FRANK, 111 E. 10TH and 11th Sts. Department of Police Services. Directed by DAVID FRIEDMAN

I never really included Herschell in the Exploitation family album...he's unique in so many ways, but was never, as carneys say, "with the show". His background was that of academe, not tanbark & tinsel. He did some innovative, daring things, but with Herschell it was always something of a "sideline". I hope you dig what I mean.

My position in the history of exploitation film: it was a

business of montebanks & gypsies, strictly back street stuff...I made it big time...playing these crotch operas in houses that never before would touch such items. In my golden years, I've chronicled the genre more than anyone else, building a mystique, a nostalgia, a scholarly fascination with what was the greatest con game ever played.

YOU MENTIONED KLAW..WERE YOU AWARE OF HIS WORK WITH MODELS LIKE BETTY PAGE?

I knew her...not in the biblical sense, mind you, we were friends way back. I knew Klaw, the king of B&D too...a real weirdo...got turned on by his own work. Couple of times when MGL & I were shooting in Miami in this really great film studio, Klaw would be renting one little insert stage shooting his poor models being trussed up with enough rope to dock the QE2. Herschell & I would walk over & watch, then fall down laughing. We didn't know how big Irving Klaw's market was. If we had, we'd have tried it ourselves.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLOITATION, WORKING WITH PIONEERS LIKE BABB & SONNEY?

What was it like with Louis Sonney & Kroger Babb? How about also Dwain Esper, Harold Greenlin, Lou DuFour, Irwin Joseph, Floyd Lewis...? It was a ball! We turned 'em to the right, we turned 'em to the left...we turned 'em everyway but loose.

I LOVE YOUR WORK WITH H.G. LEWIS. FILMS LIKE BOIN-G-G, SCUM OF THE EARTH & BLOOD FRASER HAVE A CURIOUS APPEAL. ARE YOU SURPRISED AT THE CULT WHICH HAS DEVELOPED AROUND THEM?

When we were making this garbage none of us ever thought a cult would arise, but I began to see the camp classic value about 15 years ago, especially with college kids. That's why I started preserving & promoting retro

screenings...first at Universities, playing it strictly for laughs, then the audience got serious about it.

LEWIS CONSTANTLY PROMISES TO RETURN TO FILM-MAKING, BUT IT NEVER HAPPENS. DO YOU THINK HE EVER WILL, OR IS THE PLATE BUSINESS TO SECURE TO LEAVE?

Herschell & I have been tossing around BLOOD FEAST II for four years now. We're both well off, & not about to use our own money for such a project...& we've both tried to interest investors, distributors, studios, etc in the project, to no avail. Maybe they're right. Blood & guts have advanced technically so far beyond what we did, we could never catch up. HGL & I had fun making these gore crushers...we did almost everything ourselves...they were crude, but they were first. Now, they ain't first...& that was the real key. Whether he or I or a combination ever makes another one is a good guess...we neither have to live on it. We'd both like to get together for one last hurrah, but don't hold your breath.

ANY COMMENTS ON THOSE FINE THESPIANS CONNIE MASON & VIRGINIA BELL?

Connie Mason was a source of constant contention between Herschell & me. She certainly couldn't act, made no attempt to even try, was never on time, never bothered to read or learn her lines, didn't give a damn about the movies, or anything or anybody but herself. She was a pain in Herschell's arse...BUT...she was my discovery, & because of her PLAYBOY exposure, which meant more then than now, was the closest thing to a 'celebrity' we could ever get to appear in pix like BLOOD FEAST & 2000 MANIACS. HGL & I will argue about her until we're both on a mortician's slab...I still say, as bad an actress as she was, she did us more good than harm...& today, she adds to the overall camp. Surprisingly, Connie didn't need us...she had money, or was given money, travelled in the International Jet Set, was the girlfriend of Gigi Cassini (Oleg's brother)...the best places, the best things. Why then, did she bother doing these two amateur movies, for which she was paid \$175 for 8F, \$500 for 2MM? I guess, in her own crazy mind, it was something of a kick about which she could regale her "in-crowd" friends...or, she liked being with me. Virginia Bell...another story... Virginia was a top name in U.S Burlesk, commanding \$1500-\$2000 per week. Her husband, Eli Jackson, a fellow Alabamian & I had been friends since we both bummed around carnivals as kids. While Virginia could captivate 1000 burlesk fans in a theatre, parading across stage, stripping, flashing those huge mammaries, when she had to work in front of a movie camera, she froze...became very uptight about showing any skin. Figure that one out. Since HGL & I were making the movie for Eli & his partner, were strictly paid mercenaries, who were we to tell the man paying the bills that his wife was a lousy actress?

DURING THE SIXTIES, YOU PRODUCED A STEADY STREAM OF SEXPLOITATION FILMS. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY OF THEM WITH PARTICULAR AFFECTION OR DISMAY?

STARLET!



SEE THE MAKING OF A Hollywood STAR!

Lavishly & Dramatically Demonstrated in COLOR

XXX SO ADULT... ONE X ISN'T ENOUGH!

THERE IS AN EXPRESSION FOR GIRLS LIKE HER



a SMELL OF HONEY a SWALLOW OF BRINE!

I remember them all...fondly. If I started recounting all the stories that happened it would run as many pages as YOUTH IN BABYLON. TRADER HORNEE is my favourite, I guess, of all the nudies. I love it for the sheer joy of the blatant scannery. All the African sequences were shot 5 minutes from the Beverly Hills Hotel.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE TO PAINT SUCH A SQUALID PICTURE OF THE ADULT FILM WORLD IN STARLET? THE FILM SEEMS TO SHOW THAT YOU DIDN'T TAKE WHAT YOU WERE DOING TOO SERIOUSLY!

I don't think I painted too squalid a picture of the adult film world in STARLET. In fact, I think I made it look like a bigger time enterprise than it actually was. Very few adult movies, then or ever, were actually made in real Hollywood studios. STARLET was, so was HORNEE & ZORRO. The first two were shot on the old Monogram-Allied Artists lot...the home of the Bowery Boys, Charlie Chans, etc. ZORRO shot on the old Selznick lot, where GONE WITH THE WIND was made. The Los Angeles village set in ZORRO was the Presidio set from DUEL IN THE SUN. I also made ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS on that lot, using the HOGAN'S HEROES set.

Years later, after I'd made MATINEE IDOL, one 'adult film reviewer' said: "This movie paints a false picture of pornography. Pornography isn't made in studios, but this film was". That critique was a major prod in my decision to retire. If the critics of X-rated films, the setters of standards, the molders of taste in the genre say that pornography shouldn't have any resemblance to professionalism, porno movies shouldn't resemble mainstream movies, technically, acting & production wise...but should just be down & dirty, nitty-gritty, no story, no rhyme-or-reason, no nothing but F & S, then it no longer had any interest for me.

SHE FREAK IS A VERY UNDER-RATED FILM. WAS IT ONE OF YOUR MORE PERSONAL PROJECTS, KNOWING YOUR CARNY BACKGROUND?

Thank you. I stole the ending from Tod Browning's FREAKS, but Kevin Thomas, long-time reviewer for the Los Angeles Times, the man who in

Behind the Tents and Tinsel of a Monster Midway Something Barbaric Occurs on the **ALLEY of NIGHTMARES...**



FILMED ON
ACTUAL LOCATIONS
WHERE IT COULD
HAVE HAPPENED!

ALL THE
MORE APPELLING IN
COLOR!

Starring **Claire Brennan**
Lee Raymond
Lynn Courtney

Directed by **DAVID F. FRIEDMAN**
Music by **BYRON MARR**

SHOOTING STARS PICTURES

1962 said "BLOOD FEAST is a blot on the American film industry", in 1966 said "SHE FREAK is a suprisingly good little movie...".

Naturally, it's my all-time favourite. The trouble is...for once I listened to what others were saying. Everyone said, "now don't make it too bloody & gruesome like BLOOD FEAST & 2000 MANIACS". I listened & said OK. After it was finished, they all said, "you should have made it stronger". In Browning's day there were real freaks around. By the time I did SF, there were very few & since I made it on a California fair ground I couldn't have used real freaks anyway. California doesn't permit live human freak acts.

YOU MADE THE MOVE INTO HARDCORE IN THE 70'S. HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW ABOUT THE CURRENT STATE OF XXX FILM?

Hard core's greatest days were it's earliest. Metzger was the best...MISTY BEETHOVEN, PAMELA MANN, BARBARA BROADCAST, Damiano



was good, but not as good as everyone thought. THROAT was an ordinary X-rater, no better or worse than several of the time, but it became a media event, & because of the media attention, the greatest grosser of all time. But as time went on, H.C. got worse & worse. The new hot shot directors couldn't hold a candle to the early boys. Video finally reduced it to pure shit. When they stopped making these things on 35mm film & began shooting with a video camera, making the feature in one or two days, it was garbage. So...from the beginnings, the glory days were the first 3 or 4...from then on H.C. has gone nowhere but down.

WAS 7 INTO SNOWY YOUR FIRST HARD CORE FILM?

No. MARRIAGE & OTHER FOUR LETTER WORDS, which I finished, was first ...then JOURNEY OF O, BUDDING OF BRIE (associate producer), ALEXANDRA (associate producer).

HOW DID THE ADULT FILM ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA START, & HOW DID YOU END UP AS PRESIDENT?

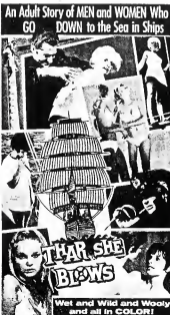
In 1968 about 100 of us in the US engaged in the production, distribution & exhibition of "adults only" movies began to feel the hot breaths of preschers, politicians & policemen on our necks. We decided to listen to the

famous words of one of the greatest of the American founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, who said: "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we will all hang seperately". Since I was the brightest, most personable & best known of all the adultfilm folk, it was only natural that I be elected the leader of the motley crew.

WHEN CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE YOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY, A YOUTH IN BABYLON, IN PRINT?

YOUTH IN BABYLON should see print Spring of 1990. Prometheus Books is the publisher.

I BELIEVE YOU WROTE PORN NOVELS FOR A WHILE, WHICH WERE SOLD BY REUBEN STURMAN. ANY DETAILS ON THESE?



Yes I wrote dozens of the using many non-de-porns. Some were sold to companies headed by Rueben, some to other companies. I had an agent who handled all those details. I think he sold everyone I ever wrote. I could write a 25000 word story in 7-10 days.

TUPPY OWENS TOLD ME THAT SHE ALWAYS FOUND STURMAN TO BE VERY PLEASANT. AS YOU KNEW HIM, WHAT WAS YOUR IMPRESSION OF HIM? & HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE CLAIMS THAT HE WAS A MAFIA FRONT-MAN & KILLER?



I've known & liked Rubin for many years. Everyone in the business in the US is accused of being a mafioso & a killer. The FBI for years was convinced I was the Chicago mob's front man for the porno industry. I wasn't.

CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR LATEST PROJECT, STEWARDESSES IN CHAINS (GREAT TITLE)?

Sold the script outright. So far the producer hasn't asked for any rewrites or anything else. It was a flat deal, with no participation. Hope he starts production soon.. I'd like to sit in on casting.

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO TURNED MEN ON TURNED THEM OFF AND TURNED THEM BRIDE OUT



BLOOD FRUST IS BANNED IN BRITAIN. PORN FILMS ARE EDITED INTO SOFT VERSIONS & HAVE THEIR SALE RESTRICTED TO SEX SHOPS. TO BE SOLD IN ORDINARY STORES, THEY HAVE TO BE SO HEAVILY CUT THAT THE AVERAGE LENGTH IS ABOUT 40 MINS. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

British law, unlike American law, does not have a Bill of Rights. That, in the last decade of the 20th century, the government of a nation that has set forth more fundamental freedom for its citizens than any other (GB) still feels it must decide what its citizens can see or read is incredible to me

Adult Movies Have Come of Age



Wet and Wild and Woolly and All in Color

WHAT KIND OF FUTURE DO YOU SEE FOR THE ADULT FILM INDUSTRY?

Sex has been around a long long time...& the telling of sex stories has been around almost as long. So I don't see it going away. If & when all the nations of the world lift all restrictions & censorship, then there would no longer be a need for adult entertainment, but I don't see that happening until maybe the 22nd century.

The Adventures Of Lucky Herschell

The gore movies of Herschell Gordon Lewis have been given extensive coverage in the splatter press during the last ten years. Rather than repeat all the well worn stories about BLOOD FEAST, 2000 MANIACS et al, SHEER FILTH asked the great man a couple of questions about his lesser known - but equally astounding - nudie films. Questions by David Flint, photo by Nick Cairns.

DF: What interests me particularly is your early career making nudies ... when you first started out, you did LIVING VENUS...

HGL: Well, LIVING VENUS was not a nudie film. LIVING VENUS was the story of the life, the rise & fall of a man on the order of Hugh Hefner, & yes, we had pretty girls in it, but it wasn't really a nudie film. The first of that type was called THE ADVENTURES OF LUCKY PIERRE...which was almost shot to order. I don't know if you know the history of all this, but we had shot two films under a company called Mid-Continent films - one was called THE PRIME TIME, the other was called LIVING VENUS...& the distributor of those two films went bankrupt, owing us much money, & literally put Mid-Continent films out of business. Dave Friedman had worked for that distributor & he came to me one day & said - because he was at odds, his company had folded - Al Sack, a distributor in Dallas said if we could make a one reel 'cutie movie' as he called it, he would pay us a couple of thousand dollars, & I said "Gee, lets do it"...we were both very hungry. I mentioned this to somebody in a laboratory, & he said "I'll tell you what I'll do..if you make a full length film, we'll give you a laboratory deferment for 90 days after the answer print is delivered", which meant in fact there was no lab payment due until after the film had been in release! Well, the way I was making pictures, where I was the cameraman & the director & the lighting man, & Dave was the producer & the soundman, we had no crew costs, we had almost no talent costs, the only big cost we had was the cost of raw stock - Eastman gives no-one a break - & laboratory...& laboratory was deferred! So that's why we made LUCKY PIERRE...& LUCKY PIERRE literally put me back in business. So after making LUCKY PIERRE, the industry got wind of it. There was a fellow named Tom Dowd, who owned a theatre called The Capri, which showed this kind of movie, & he ran LUCKY PIERRE for nine weeks, & we made our entire negative cost back with much over in that one engagement! I was stupefied, I hadn't even heard of this kind of picture before! But you see, Tom Dowd, who then became a dear friend, said to himself, with good reason, "why am I paying somebody else film rentals? I own the theatre that will play this". So he began to make these movies & in fact, I shot all his movies for him. And others who HE met heard of us, & I put together a little Volkswagen bus, crawling with equipment, & we were ready to go anywhere, & shot a whole bunch of these things for ourselves & for others.

DF: Your opinion of Connie Mason is well known, but what about Virginia Bell? Did she give the performance you'd expected from her in BELL, BARE & BEAUTIFUL?

HGL: It was what I had expected, which was zero! My opinion - & it's only opinion - is that the talent that woman had was limited to her bosom... above & below was very little.....



Printed Matter

THE PILLOW BOOK OR A HISTORY OF "NAUGHTY PICTURES": Poul Gerhard, Words & Pictures Ltd, 1971

Once upon a time, many years ago, before we had sleazy cinemas & pornographic videos, the only material the townsfolk had to wank over were Pillow Books. These were collections of erotic artworks designed solely to arouse the bed partners & get those olde worlde mattresses bouncing & stained. Once relieved, the illegal publication was stuffed back under the pillow ready for the following day (or hour, depending on the virility of the user). Surprisingly, they covered much the same ground as the contemporary porn industry does today. Everything, from nukes-barred penetration shots, lesbianism, S&M, necrophilia, bestiality & even more unmentionable stuff, is there. None of it is new. And all this behind Queen Victoria's back no less. Luckily, not all the Pillow Books departed from this world with their pages stuck together with various bodily emissions, & Poul Gerhard has done a magnificent job of collecting together these incredible illustrations. Unfortunately, their blatant explicitness detracts from the text rather like the antics on the screen of an average porn film draws one from the usually docile plots. It would have been helpful had the text & illustrations been separated so one's eyes wouldn't tend to drift as one attempts to read the history of hard-core. One day I WILL read it throughout though...hang on a minute, what on earth is SHE doing with that...that...is it a Cheetah or a leopard?? Good grief, surely not!

DAVE SLATER

DEVIANT - THE SHOCKING TRUE STORY OF ED GEIN, THE ORIGINAL PSYCHO: Harold Schechter Pocket Books 1989

How such nondescript eccentricities as collecting your own used Wrigleys spearmint gum in a coffee jar can be presented as unmistakable traits of looming psychosis in 'true crime' books has, in my mind, always smacked of self-elevating foresight on the part of the author. In the case of DEVIANT, however, author Harold Schechter makes no bones about chronicling such personality traits, in fact every page of DEVIANT - the Ed Gein story - wallows in such tawdry anecdotes & doesn't for a moment dismiss sensationalism for the sake of hard clinical evidence. For instance, did you know that Gein liked to read magazines like MANS ACTION, with lurid cover paintings like big-breasted blonde women in Gestapo uniforms, applying riding crops to the naked backs of concentration camp prisoners, or that Gein indeed liked to collect his own used Wrigleys spearmint gum. This is the substance of DEVIANT, the books he read, the gum he collected, & the intimate details of how he carved up his victims, of how he severed his victims head & wore their facemask, of how he would visit graveyards at night & remove parts of corpses with which he could live out his life & cherish forever. DEVIANT is big on the mild-mannered Wisconsin man's myth, covering - however fleetingly - Gein's influence on everything from bad Gein-jokes to movies to T-shirts advertised in FANGORIA. But this is essential for a book of 270 pages, because without the ghoulish trimmings, Ed Gein is a pretty nondescript guy. Great reading. Every home should have one.

DAVID KERCKES

CRUISING THE MOVIES - A SEXUAL GUIDE TO 'OLDIES' ON TV: Boyd McDonald, The Gay Presses of New York, 1985

A simply wonderful collection of articles culled from the author's writings for various gay magazines & newspapers in the States, the prevalent theme being the pleasure to be gained by looking out for hunky guys & butch broads in the movies on TV. McDonald is a devotee of the 4am 'Late, Late, Late Show' - in fact, he admits in the foreword that most of his research was done by watching 'on a



General Electric b/w receiver. It cost \$80 & has brought me....\$80 million worth of ecstasy!

There are too many gems to list here, but the highlights include a lengthy analysis of Johnny 'Bomba the Jungle Boy' Sheffield's loincloth design (!): Michael Callan's 'unnerving groin' (blown up to half-page size in the accompanying still !): from the circus movie THE FLYING FONTAINES; & why Ronald Reagan could pass for 'a butch lez from the Woman's Army Corps' in the 1949 movie JOHN LOVES MARY! All this plus a section devoted to miscellaneous reviews (the piece on gay turned-straight porno star Jack Wrangler's autobiography being a particularly perceptive example) - this is well worth the effort of tracking down.

RAY RIDLEY



from BM SOL, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, priced £7.50)

**PLEASURE PAIN SERIES - GRAPHIC AUTOPSY/L.A.B
DESIGN 1989**

Glorious...a collection of 9 greetings cards, from the pen of Graphic Autopsy. Though the name may not be familiar to some of you yet, it soon will be, with work as excellent & depraved as this.

The first two cards are titled 'Unlike A Virgin', which might give a hint of the content. Madonna is pictured - her face dripping with semen in one, pissing in the other. The Material Girl might not approve, but the illustrations are probably as accurate a presentation of her as any... Card 3 has a series of 18 studies of female masturbation, & the remainder delve deep in to the world of S/M, with girlies tied with rope & suspended by chains.

Graphic Autopsy's art is generally superb, with an obvious delight in the subject screaming out. The cards are an unrestrained celebration of bizarre sexual activity. What's more, they have been lovingly printed, packaged & presented. Not, perhaps, the ideal thing to send to Granny on her birthday (unless you want it to be her last).

...but a pretty damned essential addition to the collection of serious erotica buffs. Get them while you still can... (available

DAVID FLINT

**FAITH HEALERS (IN THE PHILIPPINES): Gert Chesi, PV
1981**

There are some really sick pictures in this book. Pictures of hands & fingers delving into bodily orifices - & I don't mean natural orifices. The Faith Healers of the title treat their patients without anesthetic, without sterilisation, without any kind of surgical instrument (other than the occasional blunt & rusty scalpel), & yet, they create holes in stomachs, throats, wherever, with THEIR FINGERS! Then, they remove the kidney, or whatever the offender be, pull off the tumour, slip it back in & massage the hole back together. SEE! Eyeballs popped in & out. SEE! Real worms pulled out of a woman's stomach. SEE! Blood, gore & yuk! If you're on an endless NHS list, you can reach over 30 of these healers through the addresses at the end of the book.

N.B. Unfortunately, the author quite rightly blows it all & tells you it's all a clever fake at the end. Ah well, it looks bloody good.

MICHAEL SLATTER



JOYCE MCKINNEY AND THE MANICUED MORMON:
Anthony Delano. MIRROR Books. 1978

Joyce McKinney held the nations attention during 1977, by kidnapping a Mormon missionary, allegedly raping him, declaring her undying love with the immortal phrase "I loved Kirk so much I would have skied down Mount Everest in the nude with a carnation up my nose". & then skipping bail to flee back to America. For those looking for a slice of sleazy nostalgia, this book is a must, even those unfamiliar with the story will be drawn to it, courtesy of its glorious title & gaudy cover showing Joy naked...and the promise of 16 more pages of 'sensational' photos inside....

The main thrust of the text is to relate how the press unearthed the amazing facts behind the story. Being a DAILY MIRROR publication, it furiously sets out to portray the tabloid journalist as someone of high moral integrity, concerned only with The Truth. It's quite satisfying, therefore, that they still come across as a bunch of loathsome scumfucks. Being an offshoot of the tabloid trash-heap, the book at least delivers the crazy goods, giving ALL the lurid details. A story of kinky sex, crazed obsessions & pornography, it's prime filth fodder. The photo section has Joy nude, Joy in bondage, Joy wrestling...we also learn that the irresistible Ma McKinney was in the process of writing a screenplay about her amazing adventure. This is so far unfilmed, but would surely provide Palace with a great follow-up to SCANDAL..

DAVID FLINT



FANZINES and, indeed, prozines. Those of you who haven't already blown all your cash on a subscription to HAPPYLINE might care to seek out a few of these...kick in off, we have the well publicised EYEBALL, from Steve Thresher, whose work is already familiar to SHOCK XPRESS readers. Glimsy & professional looking, the zine (subtitled THE EUROPEAN SEX & HORROR REVIEW) is let down by some extremely poor illustrations. Otherwise, very impressive. Contents include NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS, Pupi Avant!, CNAOS PERVERS, EROTIC RITES OF FRANKENSTEIN...& so on. \$1.75 & postage from 14 Kintyre Court, New Park Road, Brixton Hill, London SW2 4DY. Best new 'zine for some time is KILLBABY...issue 2 is 72 pages of heaven, & contains such delights as the Udo Kier story, Charles Pinion & Donald Farmer interviews, masses of sleaze reviews...essential stuff. \$3 (Canadian) from Steve Fontene, 99 Hillside Ave. East, Main Floor, Toronto, Canada M4S 1T4. Ex-FILTH monger Cathal Tobin brings the world UNGAMA, a thick & classy organ. Includes Russ Meyer, Jesus Franco, Rudy Ray Moore & everything else you'd expect from the Bongo Boy. Pretty good. Subs are \$4.50 from P.O. Box 1764, London NW6 2EQ. Next up we have porn from Poland. AMTYTABU is 'the first erotic magazine in Eastern Europe in socialist countries'. Contents include articles on AIDS, feminism, & assorted other bits, all - naturally - in Polish. There is, however, a 6 page photo section which is pretty universal. A cause that deserves support, so send as many U.S. dollars as you can spare to Adamski Tadeusz, 80-526 Gdansk, ul. Danikowskiego 9 A/7, Poland. CITY MORGUE is an unstable disaster from America. Reviews consist of a few lines that read like the excited rantings of a gorehound...which is basically what they are. Messy & confusing. \$1 from Arpad Jasko Jr, 176 Hayes Street, Holland, MI 49424, USA. MECHRONOMICON X MORTIS is a typical UK goremonger publication. The editors like Trash & trash. A still from HELLRAISER is on the cover. 75p from Darl Turner, 8 Synsford, Hitchin, Herts, SG4 9JS. KILLER KUNG FU ENIGMA NURSES ON CRACK can't live up to the unremitting sleaze promised by the title. Contents include a piece on a STAR TREK convention, film & record reviews, Aussie censor notes, etc...more interesting than that rundown makes it sound. No price apparent, from Peter Hassall, PO Box 27432, Upper Willis Street, Wellington, New Zealand. Finally - the much touted ELECTRIC BLUE magazine finally emerged. The women are generally gorgeous, the photography admirable, & the humour as feeble as a geriatric spider. Forget the words & look at the pictures. Available from assorted newsagents.

DAVID FLINT

BOSWELL'S CLAP & OTHER ESSAYS - MEDICAL ANALYSES OF LITERARY MEN'S AFFLICTIONS: William B. Ober, M.D. Allison & Busby; Southern Illinois University Press 1990

I do believe that M.D. stands for "Medical deviant". This first book by pathologist William B. Ober is a collection of ten essays selected from the many written between 1966 & 1979 when this book was originally printed by the Southern Illinois University Press (the same Uni that last year ran a film course which had as it's subject MANIAC COPI). Ober here takes on the role of a psychopathology histographer as he takes a scholarly yet jaunty & amusing inspection of the diseases of the famous in literature past & classic, & how it might have affected their work & influenced it, while at the same time trying to learn something new from that literature about the authors. For instance, why was James Boswell so careless as to contract gonorrhea anew on at least twelve occasions, the full tally of his bouts with the clap coming in at nineteen. Learn how to catch VD the Boswell way, but only if you, like he, have an incredible lurking desire to mutilate your penis. The essays are for the most part enthralling & entertaining as the most amazing stories & theories are brought to the surface. Highlights are many, like Algernon Swinburne, poet & masochist extraordinaire being seen stumbling out of the bushes after having been on the receiving end of a good nettles thrashing, Percival Potts giving his name to a scrotal disease found most frequently in chimney sweeps, how tuberculosis fouled up LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, how the Earl of Rochester destroyed the King's sundial because it reminded him of the fact that he suffered ejaculatio praecox, how Keats was part high on opium the morning he heard that nightingale sing & how half the poets in the 18th century, including Williams' Cowper & Collins, were insane. The trivia is as fascinating as the analysis & Ober is extremely witty & knowledgeable.

PAUL HIGSON

BOTTOM'S UP! - A PATHOLOGIST'S ESSAYS ON MEDICINE & THE HUMANITIES: William B. Ober MD Allison & Busby; Southern Illinois University Press 1990

This follow-up volume of essays is every bit as entertaining as BOSWELL'S CLAP with subjects no longer restricted to authors & including composers, murders & iconographies for the themes of spanking, infertility in the bible, leprosy, the weighing of the heart (in mystical & medical terms), & John Cleland's FANNY HILL. The latter theme is the most enjoyable chapter with a succession of lurid, crude & often highly amusing examples of the art used to perk up the lazier readers during it's two & a half centuries on & off the shop shelves, the most obscene pictures present excused by Ober under the most preposterous guises of reason. Sure William, that three cornered hat is indeed on the bonking sailor's head & the striped silk satin upholstery "complete with piping" on the footstools was the first thing I noticed in that orgy scene. Ober's humour seems to have grown more wicked; the leprosy chapter is cruelly sub-titled "Can a leper change his spots?". Other chapters involve a brief cataloging of cases of possible piscenotaphy (commonplace in animals, remember this is a book on the humanities); Carlo Gesualdo's savage slaying of his wife & her lover; several cases of homosexual sadism; bubonic plague & early concepts of its transmittence; the Mandrake myth & the death of the composer of THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE by autoerotic asphyxiation accompanied by the results of a study based on 132 cases of this strange perversion. Another sick & scholarly read from the perky pathologist who needs studying himself.

PAUL HIGSON

SOFT CELL - THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY: Simon Tebbutt Sidgwick & Jackson 1984

What? I hear the somewhat judgemental reader cry, a puffy synth band in SHEER FILTH?! Sacrilege! Well, fuck you, 'cos Soft cell & Almond & Ball in their separate careers are some of the most inspired fetishists/weirdos you could find these days. Remember the aucho notorious SEX DWARF video? Almond has also recorded an excellent EP called FLESH VOLCANO with the divine Jim Foetus & has guested on the wild Psychic TV's album FORCE THE HAND OF CHANCE. Ball's solo album IN STRICT TEMPO also features Genesis P. Orridge, the most fetishistic album cover ever & plenty of general weirdness. Satisfied? Anyway; the book. Thank God, it doesn't suffer from either pathetic hero

worship or pathetic slagging, but strikes a happy, fair medium, written by a talented, objective enthusiast. Thrill to the tales of heavy New York code bars, porn cinemaaa, freaks, whores, etc, etc, & also a suprisingly interesting account of the Cell's history. Come on, their manager Steve taught himself to read & write at seventeen! They used to go round major label offices offering huge amounts of cocaine to skinny-tie dicks! No-one knows what Dave Ball is doing now (probably joined some very obscure black magic order, or got married or something). Fuck Prince, young Marc is the true lap of the Perverse!!!

NOAH BROWN

JUSTINE OR THE MISFORTUNES OF VIRTUE: The Marquis De Sade Corgi 1965

A good translation of De Sade's novel with an excellent 80 page introduction by Alan Hull-Walton. De Sade tries to prove that a life of virtue doesn't pay, with the tale of the young virtuous orphan Justine, who is constantly being assaulted, whipped, framed for crimes she didn't commit & finally sodomised & deflowered by a quartet of libertine monks!

As well as the erotic & sadistic content, we also get pages & pages of De Sade's twisted & laughable philosophy. De Sade wrote three different versions of this novel, & this paperback edition is a translation of the first version. Later versions were more explicit, & in places, the translator has given extracts from these - but kept them in the original French! I think it's time I learned another language....

The follow-up to JUSTINE was called JULIETTE & attempted to show that a life of vice DOES pay!

STEVE DAVIES



RAPID EYE 1: Edited by Simon Dwyer R.E. Publishing Ltd 1989

This huge, beautifully produced publication is, without doubt, one of the books of 1989, & indeed of the entire decade. RAPID EYE plunges the reader headlong into the world of - according to editor Dwyer - 'occulture'. A heady mix of extreme art, strange behaviour, political conspiracies & underground life in general, the book is consistently interesting, often disturbing, & totally absorbing. Amongst the myriad of subjects covered are Hitler's UFO theories, the Kennedy assassination, detailed interviews with Derek Jarman & Genesis P. Orridge, fiction by William S. Burroughs & Kathy Acker, a guide to genital piercing, & several more fascinating articles. The highlight of the book, though, is the chapter entitled 'Brazil - The Last Temptation of Margaret Thatcher'; this nightmarish expose of the myth that Britain is a 'free' country is worth the price alone.

This latest incarnation of the RAPID EYE concept is a genuine triumph - intelligent, inspirational, essential. Buy it now.

DAVID FLINT

RE/SEARCH 12 - MODERN PRIMITIVES: Re/Search Publications 1989

From the people who wrote INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS, this could easily have been retitled 'Incredibly Strange People', as it deals with characters like Fakir Mustafa, who can constrict his waist to 14 inches, & does for real what Richard Harris faked in A MAN CALLED HORSE. If you're interested in tattoos, piercing, scarification & so on, then this is the book for you. It's lavishly illustrated & some of the photographs will make you wince, especially the one of the man who had his penis surgically remodelled; it's split down the middle & both sides are pierced at the glans. Other interviews include Genesis & Paula P. Orridge, Monte Cazazza, Captain Don Leslie (a sword swallower) & Dominatrix Sherree Rose. All these people are admirable in their outlook, & although none of their activities appeal to me personally, there is a strong sense throughout the book that the body is the last outpost of total artistic expression.

MARK HATTEN

LETTERS

Dear David,

The Bresson review was interesting, though I would disagree with the reviewers dismissal of his later work - LANCELOT OF THE LAKE is of particular interest with its casual blood-letting & Bresson's curious preference for filming the feet & legs of his protagonists. There are plenty of other directors in the 'art cinema' that deserve attention for the sordid content of their films. Bunuel in the 50's & 60's, Fellini (SATYRICON is great), Pasolini of course; Bergman has his moments; Godard (particularly his 70's work - PASSION, NUMERO DEUX. These were shown on Channel 4 some years ago before it lost its nerve ..), etc, etc

M. K. Thomas
Bolton

I rather had the impression that Ian Kerkhof liked all of Bresson's work...Most of the names you mention are sure to crop up in the pages of SREER FILTH sometime, I'm sure.

D. F.

Dear Dave,

Many thanks for printing my letter in SF6 & for the compliment (what?? - D. F.). Snobby Stefan didn't print my last letter, so a lot of you don't know that I've finished with old SX. Wow! No sooner do we have a chance to cool down after No. 6, than you unleash No. 7 upon us. Good interview you did with a sex maniac, OOPS! Sorry, Tuppy Owens. Some of the things she said though, I didn't like..."Dave Sullivan"...

..."I can say two good things about him...a brilliant sense of humour & he's got the guts to do it all"... "SUNDAY SPORT...because it's pornographic...so I say well, great...but I despise him for ripping people off". Tuppy can't seem to make up her mind here. Obviously she's a friend of his. Sullivan must be a millionaire, so it's no surprise he's really enjoying life, hence his "brilliant sense of humour". Guts to rip people off? You just need plenty of bullshit! Which he is full of. The SUNDAY SPORT pornographic? Huh? If you think that you want your head looking at Tuppy. Having her stereotype private cinema punters was the last straw! Her name is now down in my BLACK BOOK! Sorry to hear Bongo Boy Tohill is no longer with SP. Bye & best of luck with that new zine Boy. SF becoming harder edged !! Yes, Yes, Yes!! Go,

Go, Go, Daddy-O!

The Sleaze Kid

There you have it... beware the wrath of the Kid, lest you too are entered into the dreaded Black Book, & suffer the untold terrors that doubtless follow...I bet Stefan's lost all will to live now that you've stopped writing to SHOCK XPRESS...

D. F.

Dear Dave,

Thanks for yr FILTH-Y mag. I was suprised that you could cram so much material into the zine. Good reviews & good writing. Shame about fo-to reproduction. I haven't bought a zine for yonks - about 1975 I think. I used to get the comic zines FANTASY ADVERTISER & FANTASY UNLIMITED - anyway, comics became boring & I ran out of room.

I was interested in the porn reviews - but how are we able to see this stuff? Also the book reviews - a good selection. I would like to see more of the history of striptease - perhaps in a future ish we can see some Burly-Q-Queens in action.

Rick Anyon,
Fleetwood

I'm sure we will....

D. F.

LA CICCIOLINA CINEMA: the films of ilona staller

RACONTI SENSUALI

Although demarcations between form & content are spurious, I would like, for the purpose of clarity, to briefly describe everything that happens in this film before attempting to deal with the effects & implications of Schicchi's formal handling of the "content".

A young woman, wearing a mask, discovers & begins to read the diary of the long dead Cicciolina. The entire film is narrated by Cicciolina with spoken dialogue occurring only in a few isolated instances. The "raconti sensuali" are memoirs of her initiation into love. The first of these is a dance ritual where all the participants are masked. Both Cicciolina & the girl reading the diary are present. After returning to the attic, the story is taken up in a convent. Cicciolina is a nun. She greets two other nuns who are on their way to the toilet. Here one shaves her pubic hair while the other squats over a toilet & urinates - her vaginal lips are pierced by a silver ring. Three masked men enter the vestry & threaten Cicciolina with knives unless she cooperates. She fellates all three in turn, the scene culminating in anal penetration while another man simultaneously ejaculates into her face. The other two nuns, who have been watching all the time, are now discovered & raped by two of the assailants. There is vaginal & anal penetration. The attic scene once again punctuates the fluidity of the narrative. Cicciolina continues to recall...the set is a highly stylised apocalyptic landscape. Six prostitutes are gathered around a fire. Cicciolina enters & greets all the women familiarly, pausing to lift the dress of one whose exposed buttocks are seriously bruised & scarred. Three clients emerge & an orgy ensues. Most

notable occurrence in this busy section is a scene with a truly exquisitely beautiful woman. First a urinating penis is seen in extreme close-up, the stream shooting up out of the top screen frame. Suddenly the woman enters the screen & bows her head over the still urinating penis, apits some out, pulls away slightly to allow the stream to go all over her face & hair while she obviously swallows what was in her mouth. Then she returns to the still (!) pissing cock, covering its head in her mouth, her throat clearly swallowing the urine & continuing when the urination is complete to perform fellatio on the rapidly erecting penis. The scene continues with the man turning her over so



that her buttocks & anus are fully exposed. He briefly inserts his penis into her anus & then one finger followed quickly by a second. Next, he stands behind her & , leaning over her back, opens her bum cheeks so that the rectum is fully exposed to the camera. He then inserts the fore & index fingers of BOTH hands into her anus & stretches until it is fully 3 inches in diameter, the deep pink of her inner rectal walls entirely

visible. Cicciolina now comments on sexual violence in the next return to the attic & diary. The scene again changes to the circle of prostitutes, into which a tall bearded man enters, choosing Cicciolina & taking her away very roughly to his yellow cadillac parked nearby. He throws her onto the bonnet & standing over her, forces his penis into her mouth. He then turns her around so that her buttocks face the camera, & inserts fingers into her anus as well as hitting it & spitting on it. Finally, he buggars her roughly, at which point there is an edit, & fake blood is daubed on her anus & vagina, giving the illusion that she is bleeding as a result of his assault. He orgasms onto her buttocks & leaves. Cicciolina remains on the bonnet; turning around & with her "blood" stained, semen-soaked vagina & anus fully exposed, she urinates onto the car.

Back to the attic & a lengthy discussion on the role of violence in sexuality by Cicciolina. This leads into the final truly "climactic" scene of the film. This is a furiously edited SM episode which takes place in a torture dungeon. Five girls are tied up in various chains, etc, while they are whipped & beaten by three men in dark sunglasses. Cicciolina is also being whipped. After a few minutes, two of the girls are singled out for in-depth torture. One has her hands tied to the wall & is anally & vaginally penetrated from behind. She is then forced to urinate, which spurts over her torturer's penis. The other girl is thrown to the ground & whipped on her breasts & vagina. The torturer then becomes absolutely frenzied, forcing her onto her hands & knees, & penetrating both vagina & anus with the handle of the whip, which is black & penis shaped. She is then forced onto her back & urinated on, all the while being savagely whipped. Then she is made to sit on his penis & "ride" him (her hair dank & matted with urine) until finally he pushes her off & forces his entire hand (four fingers) into her widely distended anus, his motions rough & fast until his hand emerges dripping with very obviously real blood. Now Cicciolina enters & the men make love to her tenderly, their violence presumably exorcised. In the final attic scene, the young girl reads the last paragraph of dead Cicciolina's diary: "I went forth to find truth, instead I found love". End.

From the above description, it is clear that RACONTI SENSUALI is no run of the mill hard core film; its extreme subject matter alone puts it into a different category of pornography, verging almost into the area of "specialisation" where we find videos devoted to coprophilia, urilagnia, extreme SM, torture, etc. This is in itself still not particularly exceptional; there are a small pool of European & American directors whose made-on-video features frequently veer into the above excesses, amongst them Gerard Damiano & Alex DeKenzy. But what makes Schicci's film remarkable is just that - it's a fairly high budget 35mm professional FILM with occasionally staggering production values. Then of course there is the presence of Hungarian born Cicciolina (Ilona Staller) who is A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT in Italy & beyond any doubt the most beautiful & talented actress/personality/star who has ever worked in the porn field. Finally, & this is the point that convinces me that Schicci is the most important "artist" working in porn in the 1980's, the film is hallmarked by a rigorous & eclectic form that makes it instantly recognisable as a Schicchi product, something that could be said for almost no other "auteur" working in this field today.

This is the third Cicciolina/Schicchi co-operation I've seen (he's also her business manager) & it's a significant development on the two earlier films, BANANA CHOCOLATE & TELEFONO ROSSO. I've been fortunate enough to see all three on the big screen - in Amsterdam's solitary surviving porn cinema, the famous Parisien - which does full justice to Schicchi's often lavish mise-en-scene & always breathtaking use of colour. These three films are amongst the very few porn films that really make use of the possibilities the enormous projected image provides for creating illusions of depth, movement & dream-like ecstasy that we expect from the best "cinema", & whereas 98% of porn films can be watched on video without any significant loss, it would really be a pity to see these three only on video (although I presume that British readers will have little alternative; your local Roxy isn't very likely to be getting any of these in the near future!).

The most immediate hallmark of these films is the fascinating way in which Cicciolina & Schicchi (it is very difficult to know who makes the decisions without more documentation than I have at hand) create a fantastical sexual universe where clothes, furniture, objects, decorations, cars, jewellery &

even vegetables (!) all combine & fuse into a single erotically charged entity. Schicchi's compositions & bizarre camera setups allow people & objects to blend into organic entities veritably glowing with delighted sexuality. Staller's personality & high-spirited narrative monologues lend every perversion a playful quality that becomes, dare I say it, a kind of transcendent innocence!! Honestly, I will never forget the scene in BANANA CHOCOLATE where she masturbates her anus with a carrot. The bright orange of the carrot blending into the deep pink of her buttocks, framed by rich luxuriant purples & reds of the bedspreads as well as her trademark black & white lace gloves (her fingers are seen for the first time in RACONTI) created a whirlpool of sexualized COLOUR, the intensity of which is quite comparable with the ecstatic banquet sequence in Eisenstein's IVAN THE TERRIBLE PART 2 or any of Sergei Paradjanov's films.

But whereas the first two films are severely flawed (& I do mean SEVERELY) by a lack of sufficient scriptwriting to sustain interest, RACONTI SENSUALI sees Schicchi finally learning how to maintain pace over 100 minutes of screen time & consequently it is the only one of the three that one can watch repeatedly for purposes of analysis (or Wanking, whatever...) without getting very bored.

He achieves this by first of all eliminating any "story" out altogether. The episodes, cemented by Staller's diary readings, are just short bursts of what he's best at - creating an intense believable haunting strange backdrop for intense unbelievable strange violent sex. None of the episodes outstay their welcome & when it all ends everybody really does look around wanting more.

It is only the question of violence that gives me real problems with Schicchi &/or Cicciolina. The philosophy of sexual violence that she reads in RACONTI (did Schicchi write it? Is it her personal belief???) is that a woman can enjoy any amount of abuse & sexual degradation as long as she loves the man inflicting it on her, & more importantly, as long as the violence is only a part of their total sexuality, & that for the rest he is equally capable of being tender, affectionate, sensitive, etc. On paper this doesn't sound unconvincing, but there is a different kind of responsibility involved when a film image is produced. What worries me particularly is the use of fake blood in one scene, & barely twenty minutes later, quite obviously real bleeding. I do believe there is a MAJOR difference between "acting" out an SM scene (as is the case here) & real violent torture. Unfortunately when an actress starts really crying & really BLEEDING while the camera keeps on rolling, there is a clear transgression of the delicate balance between the "real" & the "cinema real".

For me personally this is a very difficult issue to sort out as indeed one of the primary features of pornographic films that drew me to the genre in the first place, & that I find consistently fascinating, is this crossover between the world of reality & acting. When you see a penetration shot or an ejaculation in a porn film - that is REAL, as real as anything possible in human life. There is no acting involved in an ejaculation. It is. That these moments of truth are captured again & again in countless thousands of films is a fact that I find terribly exciting. The moment of orgasm being the closest we come to the moment of death until we die, it is almost as if the moment of inevitable death is caught & transfixed, held on videotape or film & able to be experienced again & again. So, getting back to RACONTI, when an actress is really bleeding, this moment is just as marvellously "true" for me as the ejaculation, but with a significant difference - a human being is suffering great pain in order to allow me that moment.

It is a cloudy area. I defend my right to watch any amount of extreme SM, torture, bondage video which is purely "real" documentary material. This also involves a great deal of suffering & pain on the part of the participants. But they are not "actors". They are not pretending pain, they are in pain & have entered into contract with the video-makers for the express purpose of receiving financial gain for their pain. That's OK by me. However, until we see her contract with Schicchi, how are we to know that the actress involved had consented to have her rectal walls pierced to the extent of bleeding? And if the incident was unintentional, over eagerness on the part of the out-of-control actor, why did Schicchi leave it in the film? I don't know the answers to these questions. And I'm sure many will find my doubts rather

hypocritical & sanctimonious, given my admitted intention of seeing everything there is to be seen, no matter how foul, but there you are.

RACONTI SENSUALI is an engaging, thought-provoking film on many levels. I haven't even touched upon its use of horror film imagery & the very strong overtones of Gothick. This review could go on & on. "I went forth to find truth, instead I found love". End.

IAN KERKHOF

RACONTI SENSUALI (USA title: CICCIOLINA IN ACTION)

Italy 1988 100 mins

CAST: Ilena Staller
(Cicciolina), Peter Birds,
Frank De Niro, etc

WRITER/PRODUCER/DIRECTOR:
Riccardo Schicchi

BANANE EL CIOCCOLATO

This essentially plotless piece of 'porno-chic' opens with a great shot of the delectable Staller reflected in the mirrored ceiling of her sumptuous apartment, reclining on a circular platform which is draped in silk-like material, & surrounded by stuffed toy

animals (!), & no end of fruit, vegetables & flowers:

The viewer is treated to a lengthy masturbation scene in which Staller utilises a banana, a rose, &, (surely a first in porn) a pea-pod! She also stimulates herself anally with a carrot whilst watching a videotape of some of her sexual escapades. Her reactions during this act of auto-voyeurism are captured by her randy boyfriend Christopher, who just happens to be on hand with his trusty video camera. The tape she is watching shows her being soaped up with a giant heart-shaped sponge in a lesbian threesome; sucking off & straddling a black guy in a studio bound 'forest' setting; &, strangest of all, being screwed by two guys at once against a painted backdrop depicting a cloudy sky filled with huge staring eyes, & a wind machine blowing thousands of feathers onto the sticky trio during the cum shots!

Next, we switch to a film set, where a number of trainee 'Cicciolinas' are being put through their paces. Incidentally, in the Dutch-subtitled version I saw, these women were rather delightfully referred to as "honneponnies", or "porno-honnies"! One woman metes out a severe whipping to another girl, a scene assured to delight sado-masochists everywhere. Yet another is anally deflowered....Cicciolina & Christopher arrive on the set, & the former gives a practical demonstration of her fellatio technique. Then, out of the blue, she decides to go flower-picking in the countryside; so she does what any normal female nature-lover would do: she dons a long black wig, topless dress & thigh length



PVC boots, & having asked Christopher for a box of condoms, she steps out onto the highway to thumb a lift, all the while carrying a small suitcase full of sex-aids!

Not suprisingly, Ilona doesn't have to wait too long before an Italian macho-male screeches to a halt in his sports car, & we're soon into a session of humping in the hedgerows. At this point, I thought Ilona was going to include a heavy handed 'safe sex' message, as she asks her partner to wear a rubber during these scenes, but no, she brazenly drinks down the contents...

Cicciolina wanders off on her own, & decides to masturbate with two transparent dildoes selected from her suitcase. However, she is shocked when a middle-aged baldie appears out of thin air from behind a haystack & begins to berate her for her uninhibited display of sexuality. She soon discovers his kinky preference, however, when he removes the dildo from her anus to find it smeared with her shit. Before long, he is begging her to "kak an meer, alet" (as the Dutch translation would have it), & this she does willingly, pissing into his mouth as an added bonus.

Unbeknownst to her (but not to the viewer), Christopher has videoed her outdoor exploits, & the film ends rather dissappointingly with a few minutes of orgy footage with the gang back in the studio after they have watched Cicciolina's open-air performance....

Staller, as you'd expect, dominates this film from beginning to end - in fact, the few scenes in which she does not appear slow the film down considerably.

Nevertheless, with her sexy wide-mouthed smile, deep blue eyes, & impeccable taste in erotic apparel, not to mention the way-above-average cinematography & music score, "La Cicciolina" a' CHOCOLATE BANANA is still that rare item in the genre - a porno movie that is watchable several times over. .

RAY RIDLEY

BANANE EL CIOCCOLATO (CHOCOLATE BANANA)

Italy no copyright date given 76 mins

CAST: Ilona Staller (Cicciolina), Don Tim, Guido Sen, Anna Fraum

PRODUCER: Malvar Filma

WRITER/DIRECTOR: Riccardo Schicchi

For those of you who want more information on "La Cicciolina":

The translation of the nickname is - depending on which source you refer to - "Taaty Dish" or "Little Chubby". Confirmation next time I hope. She has reportedly made only 7 hard core features, the latest being PALM SPRINGS WEEKEND, co-starring a number of (so far unnamed) US porn superstars. Staller represents the good people of Latina in the Italian parliament, as a member of the left-wing Radical Party. Her main policies are campaigning for nuclear disarmament, & more sexual freedom. She gained power with 7, 114 votes, many gained by a vigorous (& world-wide reported) campaign which often involved stripping during speeches...Britain needs a politician of her calibre...but I doubt we'll ever have one.

DAVID FLINT



FESTIVAL

SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK 3 took place, as usual, at the Scala in London on the 29th-30th July 89. Organisation this year was far better than usual, without the disastrous raffle to bog things down. As always, the films ranged from excellent to insufferable. The event kicked off with Stephane Ambiel's outrageous short MONGOLITOS, a wildly sleazy affair set in a public toilet & featuring such delights as shit injections & rampant buggery. I, MADMAN - shown under the UK title HARDCOVER was a real dud, with only a fairly interesting homicidal dead author & the rather nice Jenny Wright to keep any level of interest going. Tom Burman's LIFE ON THE EDGE had a mixed reception from the crowd. Personally, I loved this oddball science fiction comedy. 'Wacky' in the way that the films of Paul Bartel are, the film is both amusing & weird...definitely recommended. NIGHT LIFE on the other hand, is a plodding teen-horror-comedy that is best forgotten. The gorehounds went ape over the few scenes of head splitting, etc, but as these will probably vanish from the British video, even they won't find much enjoyment from a second viewing of it...other films screened included the vastly over-rated BAD TASTE (fell asleep during this one), Soavi's THE CHURCH, in Italian without subtitles - an admirable move, but perhaps better suited to a less convoluted movie - & a quiet, serious & impressive movie called THE CARPENTER, which was marred only by a somewhat implausible ending; deserving better than the video obscurity it inevitably received, THE CARPENTER is worth a look. Clive Barker introduced a preview reel of NIGHTBREED...fine for those into that sort of thing. THE FLY II was pretty much as expected (ie bad). THE VINEYARD was ludicrous trash, & Romero's MONKEY SHINES escaped my notice, I'm afraid. The highlight of the event was Brian Yuzna's staggering SOCIETY, a story of rich parasites who literally suck off the poor. The film is slow to start, but winds up violating taboos left, right & centre. As a replacement for the eagerly anticipated - but sadly unavailable - SANTA SANGRE, organisers Stefan Jaworsyn & Alan Jones couldn't have done much better.

REPORT

At the other end of the scale from SHOCK...was TERROR AMONGST THE TOMBS, organised by The Society of Fantastic Films in Manchester, & taking place on the 12-13th January at their usual haunt, a disused church - a fact that caused a few religious zealots to write outraged letters to the local press. Films screened included well known shockers like THE EVIL DEAD, NIGHT



OF THE LIVING DEAD & GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE. Most interesting though were THE MOUSE ON HAUTED HILL, presented in hilarious Emerge; the legendary TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN (yes, trash fiends, it's as good as you'd hoped), EUGEN!, LADY FRANKENSTEIN, & most interesting of all, a crazy Mexican turd from 1964, SWAMP OF THE LOST MONSTERS. Shot in 'colour' - to be more precise, red - & starring Gaston Santos & his Wonder Horse Moonlight, this told an often incoherent tale of vanishing corpses, ragged looking monsters & family plots. Perhaps best not viewed after a night of heavy drinking...but then again....a fun night though, & highly worthwhile attending next time. Up & coming are BLACK SUNDAY 1990 (both the film & guest lists are looking good - booking details elsewhere this issue) & a SKIN TWO all-nighter at the Scala, which takes place the day before the much-hyped SplatterFest. No prizes for guessing which one you're most likely to bump into me at...

REVIEWS



LA BAYDE LES SIDAANDROIDE

France 1987 57 mins

CAST: the company 'LE PETIT MISCAL', Daniel Dubois

DIRECTOR: Michel Richard

This shot on-video production has no real plot - it's just an excuse for three different sequences depicting women being abused & tortured

The first story shows a sadist with a voodoo doll persecuting an attractive woman in a ladies toilet. The catalogue of humiliation includes vomiting, a flow of blood from her vagina, pins through her nipples & in her eyes, facial burns, a throat wound & finally death by hanging. Naturally, the woman is naked throughout this ordeal. Most of the make up effects are unconvincing & the soundtrack is accompanied by distracting screams & gasps, which have obviously been dubbed over by another actress.

The second sequence begins slowly but develops along similar lines. A girl is possessed by a skull & is required to strip off. She begins to whip herself until she is interrupted by a zombie character. He gives her a French kiss & forces an unrealistic spider into her mouth. Then it's down to some serious torture. After a return to pins through the nipples & breasts (very authentic & guaranteed to make even the most hardened gorehound wince), her tongue is skewered & she proceeds to slice off one of her own nips! In order to provide some variation, the zombie then decides to cut off his lower arm. He doesn't succeed completely - probably due to six budget restrictions. Returning to the woman, he gouges out one of her eyes & slits her throat. While she lies prone on the floor he squats over her, slashes open his belly & pulls out some fake looking intestines in the tradition started by George 'Anthropophagous' Eastman. This sordid tale ends on a happy note, with the zombie & the girl walking off like two lovers into the sunset. The only difference is that they walk up a shabby staircase instead (!).

The third segment is a real creep out & is the least interesting. It features a pasty faced vampire who leans out of his coffin & attacks the obligatory nubile victim. He rips her clothes off (hatch) & chows down on her neck. She comes back to life as one of the undead & proceeds to bore the viewer with some interminable dancing to disco music. Fast forward quickly to the credits... All in all, a fairly useless exercise with rudimentary acting & basic production values. There's no dialogue & the only point of interest is on the sex level. A similar sort of misogynistic violence is displayed in THE INCREDIBLE TORTURE SHOW/BLOODSUCKING FREAKS, but with the necessary storyline & black humour needed to make this kind of sleaze entertaining. ADRIAN SMITH

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

USA 1977

CAST: Who knows?

WRITER/DIRECTOR: Peter Locke

This obscure hardcore gem features the kind of humour & well-developed plot you would expect in the best late 60's softcore. Peter Locke (who produced THE HILLS HAVE EYES in the same year) was the writer/director, & Wes Craven was assistant director/editor, & had a small acting part (fortunately he keeps his clothes on).

It's the story of New York girl Felicity, who goes to Hollywood to become a porn movie star. Her new agent auditions her across his desk (with a NO DOGS ALLOWED sign on it), & she is then tested out by the make-up lady during the initial photo session. Her next audition is with a sleazeball producer & a demented Bulgarian director, & she wins the lead in a hardcore remake of SAMSON & DELILAH. Her performance wins her best actress at the "Academy of Fuck Films" annual awards.

Samson talks as though he's in a dubbed Italian gladiator movie; Delilah talks like Mae West; cum-shots are accompanied by screams from the cock! Felicity is talking dirty to her agent over the phone...she tells him she's so hot she could boil an egg, & she pops out of her vagina...the agent cums on the telephone receiver & it squirts out the other end. The director says "she's so hot she could make a brick wall cum"...so the nearest one does. A sexual acrobatic couple (called The Flying Fucks) do cartoon-style trapeze penetrations. Another chick makes it with a pantomime horse. And remember..."Samson eats Heathen pussy!".

RICKY SUNSET

SHOWER LUST

UK 1981 10 mins

Think of British-made porn, & you think of badly made crap, right? Certainly, the hardcore films made in this country tended to be clumsy quickies that didn't waste time on stories, technical or artistic skill...so the 8mm productions of Minstral films are a very pleasant surprise.

SHOWER LUST stars Minstral's nearest equivalent to a 'star', a well built girl known as Bobbie. The film opens with her entering a room, stripping, & taking a shower. The door bell rings, & a masseur enters. As Bobbie is being massaged, a third girl appears on the scene, & indulges in a spot of clitoral stimulation & finger fucking. All three girls then take a shower, with the expected lesbian soaping & groping ensuing. They then towel down, perform a final sex act, & bring the film to an end.

Most notable about SHOWER LUST is the quality. Not only is it well filmed; the girls are all surprisingly attractive - not always the case in British porn.

It's also pretty explicit - the fact that it has an all-girl cast makes the lack of out & out hardcore scenes less distracting, & the sex on display matches anything found in genuine XXX files. One curious thing about the Minstral collection is their interpretation of the law. Whilst actual penetration or fellatio shots were not allowed, anything else - finger & object insertion, cunnilingus, erections, etc. seemed acceptable... Generally, both SHOWER LUST in particular & Minstral's films as a whole are a fairly worthwhile investment for those of you with the foresight to hold onto your 8mm projectors.

DAVID FLINT



DIMENSIONE VIOLENZA

Italy 95 mins

SCREENPLAY: Mario Morra ORIGINAL IDEA: Willy Molco, Mario Morra, Emilio Gualletti
NARRATION: Willy Molco, Emilio Gualletti, Nick Alexander

NARRATORS: Ken Seltan, Tony La Penna

PRODUCER: The Vanchi Corporation

DIRECTOR: Mario Morra

Yet another 90 minutes of mondo footage both genuine & fake.

SEE! SEE! SEE!

The ubiquitous nuclear explosion. A baby being squeezed from a bloodied vagina. Primitive fishermen throw live goats to the sharks to guarantee a good harvest. Religious fanaticism. Crucifixions, flagellation, meat hook piercings. A spitting Llama cult expectorate in each others faces under the influence of 'Father Jonathan' (a familiar looking dwarf shows up here). Ganis bathers & goat sacrifice. A very unfortunate child suffers the wrath of Mohammed & has her cuntsealed shut with needle & thread. Imprisoned children. See tethered victim have

chain cut from qored ankle. Still on the chains theme we enter the domain of the Sado-Masochist - whip, whip, clamp, grip, etc. A floating brothel with fast forward footage of a performing punter (dreadful musical accompaniment at this point). Mutilated corpses of Beirut children, their limbless, ruptured bodies being wrapped in shrouds. Join the Marines & have your head shaved & ear bent by some loudmouthed prat in a silly hat. Brutal beatings. Lifeless bodies given a rough ride behind a jeep. Execution by firing squad, shell shocked Vietnam vets. Slave ery. Sadat assassination plus bonus attempts. More mutilated corpses. More goat abuse. Tit & arse with that embarrassing music again. Pre-Green ecological awareness. Riots. Pumping iron. Beaten wives congregate & compare bruises & shout a lot. More tit & arse & that goddam music. The inevitable seal culling. How to make an Elephant a porcupine. Natives play with sticks. Fun hunting. Fish farming. How to pull a variety of animals & birds from the cunt of a spread legged, nipple painted lady. Execution by lethal injection. Islamic thief has hand chopped off. Death in the streets, under a train, in the snow on the beach. Post mortem. Paradise island. Volcanoes & floods. Tits & dicks. Seedy hotel room with semi-gender suicide victim, throat cut, blood on tits & severed cock on floor. Dog fighting, rat catching. Elephant sculpture. Hunting, both animal & human prey. Pretty sand sculptures destroyed by incoming tide. The End. Go on, say it, you've seen it all before.

DAVE SLATER

BIG TOP PEE WEE

USA 1988

Any doubt as to Pee Wee Herman's understanding of manic situationalism has to be cast aside upon seeing him in one of the PEE WEE'S PLAYHOUSE shows from American TV. After all, how can this obvious pastiche of childrens television shows be aimed directly at children when there is such an air of claustrophobic insanity running through its core: the setting of a supposedly idyllic playhouse is simply provision for Pee Wee's iridescent observations & a series of rapid-fire 'trippy' images. Things continually happen in PEE WEE'S PLAYHOUSE which bear no relation to the general train of events, this is to say that when a one-eyed monster invades the Playhouse Pee Wee attempts to lure it away with a giant sandwich - the furniture trembles in the corner of the room - inside the fridge all the tomatoes are dancing with the cartoons of yowhurbt - a tiny dinosaur family lives inside a hole in the wall. So when BIG TOP PEE WEE comes around it has an air of relative normality to it, but then what kind of normality is measured by a Pee Wee Herman who lives on a farm with a talking pig?

BIG TOP is the second Pee Wee motion picture, & while not being a sequel to PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE it does show Herman as a more rounded performer. The Herman ground rules have already been laid in BIG ADVENTURE, so BIG TOP works all the formulated traits into running parallel to the story as opposed to rehashing them as isolated incidents: BIG TOP has less of the Pee Wee schmier, one lingers that were so much in evidence in the earlier movie. True to form, Pee Wee opens BIG TOP with yet another dream sequence, this time he isn't winning the Tour De France on his beloved red bicycle as in his BIG ADVENTURE but winning the adoration of hundreds of screaming girls as he takes centre stage singing a glitzy number suitably attired in a sequined jacket. To make good his escape from all his adoring fans, Pee Wee leaves the theatre dressed as Abraham Lincoln: "why, it's Abraham Lincoln!" one of the fans says disappointedly as the backstage door opens.

Like the storm that turns Dorothy's black & white world into glorious technicolor in THE WIZARD OF OZ, a storm brings the circus to Pee Wee Herman's doorstep, & with it the colour that is needed in a drab world where people like Pee Wee cannot go unnoticed. It is with more than a hint of pathos Pee Wee kids the hipped townfolk into believing that "from now on I'm going to be just like you" towards the closing of the movie.

BIG TOP PEE WEE enforces the fact that something very weird lives at the heart of this man-child & his "suitable for children" behaviour. If only in such obvious moments as Pee Wee having a fixation for touching the hair on ladies' heads. Or seeing a ring of confidence around Gina the trapeze artists' breasts. Or having a pig who likes to teach schoolgirls to mud wrestle. But the biggest giveaway to accentuate the Herman weirdness comes



during one of his attempts to find the vocation he's sure he has with the circus in a tent marked "Human Oddities From Around The World". a guide introduces in turn, the Fat Lady, the Siamese Twins, the Hermaphrodite, the midget, the Dog-Faced Boy, & "finally, a being which defies description". Pee Wee Herman.
DAVID KERESKES

LOVE ME DEADLY

USA 1972 95 mins

CAST: Mary Wilcox, Lyle Waggoner

PRODUCER: Buck Edwards

WRITER/DIRECTOR: Jacques Lacerte

Lindsay Finch, a lonely lady with a father fixation, uses the obituary columns in newspapers to find potential lovers. She drives to the appropriate Chapel of Rest & when the coast is clear, indulges in a bit of serious necking with the stiff in the box.

During one face fondling fore-play session, her probing fingers dislodge the corpse's rebuilt nose. Disgusted, she runs away, only to bump into a daddy look-alike who will later become her husband.

This tale of depravity unfolds as Lindsay stumbles onto a nocturnal society of

secret necrophiles. Their leader, who prefers bodies of his own sex, coaxes her into joining them after convincing her of their normality. Her present boyfriend gets suspicious & follows her one evening, only to end up on the sharp end of an embalming tool. The necrophiles put his body to good use.

Eventually she finds daddy look-alike & everything becomes sweet & rosy culminating in marriage. Unfortunately, husband wants consummation but Lindsay wants no living dick probing her snatch. He gets suspicious when he finds her dancing on her fathers grave, & even more so when he discovers a letter from the necrophiles informing of their next session. He goes to the mentioned address & his coitus interruptus costs him his life. A flash back informs us that as a child, Lindsay accidentally discharged a loaded shotgun (a definite phallic innuendo there) in daddy's face.

Lindsay wakes up at home, husband is in bed being mutilated by group leader. She beats him to death before he can castrate the body. Happy now, she smuggles up besides her dead companion.

The film is quite strong, particularly for its time, & contains some intense sequences, like when the homosexual necrophile picks up a rent boy & takes him back to the mortuary.

SNEER FILTERS will probably be more offended by the incredibly dated clothing than the body fucking. Gasp at those shirt collars. Scream at fluorescent green flares. It would have been more decent had Mary Wilcox strutted about naked with a dildo carved from a dead mama femur jutting from her pinned back labia.

DAVE SLATER

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES

USA 1972 68 mins

CAST: Georgina Spelvin, Harry Reems, Marc Stevens, John Clemens, Rick Livermore

WRITER/DIRECTOR: Gerard Damiano



Here is a contradiction in terms. Here is a hardcore porn movie with an incredibly desolate atmosphere. Porn movies by nature seem to necessitate an over-zealous optimism & an almost ridiculous degree of ecstatic abandon in order to work as porn movies, or so the majority of porn product would have us believe. Despite the fact that director Gerard Damiano almost single handedly cultivated XXX-rated films into a workable & accessible medium with THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES & his other 1972 feature DEEP THROAT, the whole of the hardcore world seems to have turned their backs on his incredible precedent in MISS JONES (& to a lesser degree, THROAT), & settled for the abandonment of any sense of purpose & concentrate on pure sexual abandon. (Does taking the sex from a sex film constitute an exploitation of the exploited?)

A melancholic refrain & sombre vocal part (Linda November singing the appropriately titled theme "I'm Comin' Home") introduces THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES & immediately sets the down-beat tone the movie is to follow. Miss Jones herself (Georgina Spelvin) is introduced as a lonely middle-aged virgin looking out of her window & wandering abstractedly around her apartment. As the opening credits roll she is seen slipping into a bath & slicing her wrist with a razor blade. After her suicide, Miss Jones is pictured exchanging all manner of existential commentary with a gentleman who introduces himself as Abaca. No longer in her apartment but a rather stately room with an apparently poetic view of fields outside, Miss Jones discovers that because she has taken her own life, she is now in a transitional stage on her way to Hell, but because she pleads with Abaca the fact that she has died a virgin, he allows her to take time out to "walk through that door" into a realm of experiences. Believing she has nothing to lose - after all, she is Hell bound regardless - Miss Jones wants to try sexual everything & anything.

On the surface, the scenes of sexual variations in THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES offer nothing you haven't seen already - though possibly with a lot less conviction than

Georgina Spelvin manages to convey - & even in the context of the movie these scenes remain isolated pieces because that is what they are: isolated pleasures that have no bearing on one another, other than being requisites in Miss Jones' hierarchy of experience. Because THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES is at odds with itself there is a curious detachment about the whole venture, what with fundamental scenes of sexual pleasures punctuated with talk of Hell & eternal damnation. The dialogue is not a tenuous link from one sexual act to another, but part of the bond that makes THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES such a challenging movie outside of - as well as within - the tedious conceptions of what constitutes a porn movie.

Dante's Inferno is probably not the most obvious choice for a porn film. Miss Jones' punctuatory question to Abaca throughout the movie, "How much time do I have?" is eventually answered when it is deemed time for her to leave this place of pleasures & go to Hell. Hell, it transpires, is not a place of fire or devils, but a single unique white-washed cell; to each sinner his own cell one can surmise. Miss Jones' private hell is to be locked in such a cell with a man who is too busy wrapped up in a ludicrous search for a non-existent fly to be interested in the now sexually frustrated Miss Jones. When Miss Jones, all dark eyed & looking slightly the worse for wear, wants the man to help 'get her off', he can only sit mumbly about the fly that can only be seen while you are on the verge of sleep. "Damn you, touch me!" she pleads & attempts to arouse herself, while the man gazes glassy eyed around the cell.

Damiano has played a final joker into the hands of the sexual-fun seeking audience. If it is accepted that Miss Jones is now in Hell, no longer a virgin & suffering an eternity of frustration, it is a Hell & frustration of her own devices. Having already tasted 'forbidden' experiences, Miss Jones



For Ladies & Gentlemen over 21

can now only miss these experiences & is forever locked in a state of near-climax. There has been no real transitional stage upon dying & going to Hell. There has been no Abaca. Miss Jones has been in Hell from the moment she slit her wrists in the bath. In order to suffer an eternity of sexual frustration she has had to experience an ecstatic pleasure of the sort which exists solely & only in the sex movie.

If life is a Freudian government of sexual urges (certainly the case in sex movies), Damiano has taken an intelligent step in assuming that death would be a natural extension of that urge, & that if Heaven is presumably everything you want it to be, then Damiano has hit upon the terrifying supposition that Hell - in order to equate the natural order - is simply 'forever frustration'.

One can only sympathise with Miss Jones as she frigs herself forever short of a climax to a totally uninterested party. "Help me" indeed.

DAVID KERESKES

PHONE SEX GIRLS

USA 1987 79 mins

CAST: Amber Lynn, Gail Force, Lois Ayres, Miss Sharon Mitchell, Samantha Strong, Ron Jeremy, Herschell Savage

SCREENPLAY: Kanersky & Ernest Green

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: John T. Bone

Troubled times indeed at the cafe run by Max (Herschell Savage) & Lola (Gail Force). They've only sold three cheeseburgers & one tuna-fish sandwich all day and they've just lost the services of their third waitress in the space of a week. One may wonder why they'd need a waitress at all, as the 'cafe' seems to consist of two tables & six chairs - but we're talking low budget, shot-on-video porn here, so what do you expect?

Enter Miss Mitchell, seeking employment, & before long the curious Max & Lola persuade her to relate how she got sacked from her previous job as a book-keeper at the phone sex company run by superbitch Lois Ayres (who is described by Mitchell as being "your average everyday nymphomaniac, who fucks anything that walks, & a few things that crawl"!).

Then follow two fantasy sequences featuring employees Ron Jeremy - looking increasingly flabby & sweating buckets during his workout with two blonde bimbettes - & Amber Lynn, given top billing here on the strength of one scene in which she & her partner appear to be suffering from a bad case of jaundice due to some abysmal lighting.

Things perk up a bit when Ayres enthusiastically takes on two guys at once, swiftly followed by some all-female action in which she sprays her girlfriend's pussy with a bottle of champagne. The film concludes in predictable fashion, with a threesome between Savage, Force & Mitchell, after which they decide to set up their own phone sex business...

This is run-of-the-mill stuff indeed, made palatable only by Ayres' performance & some moderately humorous asides to camera by Savage. Negative aspects include frequent use of repeated footage (not solely during the cum shots) & some dire post-dubbed moaning & groaning which rarely matches with the onscreen action. A word about Mitchell's porno debut - she looks wonderful (blue-eyed, blonde & big breasted), but words of more than one syllable obviously pose a problem...making the scenes in which she spouts accountants's jargon painfully embarrassing to watch.

RAY RIDLEY

LEVRES DE SANG (LIPS OF BLOOD)

France 1975 90 mins

CAST: Jean-Lou Philippe, Anne Briand, Nathalie Perrey, Willy Braque

SCREENPLAY: Jean Rollin, Jean-Lou Philippe

PRODUCER: Jean-Marc Ghanassia

DIRECTOR: Jean Rollin

Bizarre, hypnotic film which I found compelling, while watching it under the worst possible circumstances. A young man is haunted by visions of a

mysterious woman in white, firstly against a 'fantasy' background of a ruined castle; then she starts to appear to him in the 'real' world of cinemas, railway stations & clinics. She turns out to be his sister, & a vampire, who was walled up by their mother when he was a little boy. The soundtrack to this film is most weird & extraordinary; it is so upfront & resonant that it could have been recorded in Greenwich foot-tunnel. The only other film which sounds anything like it is ERASERHEAD, which is quite unlike it visually. The odd animal cries & gale-force winds that the director seems to favour recur throughout. The cutting back-&-forth between the fantasy scenes in the castle & the 'real' scenes in modern Paris, on the metro & in a clinic, are quite surreal. The film's most effective shock sequence takes place in the clinic, when two nurses who had seemed to threaten the strait-jacketed hero tear off their surgical masks, are revealed as vampires & go for the doctor's jugular instead. Visually, the film is stunning, most particularly the final sequence where the hero lies down in a coffin with his sister after they have had sex on the beach & it floats slowly out to sea. LEVRES DE SANG did not, apparently, please the dirty-mac brigade much. Maybe it was too subtle for them.

LUCY COXHILL

SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE (aka THE BEAUTY & THE ROBOT; SEXPOTS GO TO COLLEGE)

USA 1960 94 mins

CAST: Mamie Van Doren, Tuesday Weld, Mijanou Bardot, Mickey Shaughnessy, Louis Nye, Pamela Mason, Marty Milner, Conway Twitty, Jackie Coogan, John Carradine, Vampira

SCREENPLAY: Robert Hill

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: Albert Zugsmith

What a cast! What a film! Almost universally slammed by critics - even those with a taste for trash - SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE isn't nearly as bad as has been claimed. It's far from great, but certainly remains a must-see for serious junk-cinema buffs. Mamie Van Doren plays Dr. Mathilda West, the new - & extremely eye-catching - head of Collins College science department. Secretly, she's also ex-atripper Tansels Montclair.



Also new in college are a pair of gangsters, searching out gambling kingpin Sam Thinko - who turns out to be the college robot (didn't yours have one??). SEX KITTENS is mindless nonsense - & therefore hugely entertaining. Mamie is as breathtaking as ever, & the film has some suprisingly risqué humour. Even more suprising, though, is the sequence near the end, when Thinko fantasises (!) about a handful of young women stripping & dancing topless before him...all this & Conway Twitty fronting a jazz combo! What more could you possibly want?

DAVID FLINT



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As Heard by Kirk Lake

IF IT AIN'T A HIT, I'LL GET MY..... - Various
(On Jazz Records)

If anything deserves the accolade of filthy listening it's this. From the vaults, the dirtiest of them dirty blues! Kicking off with Jackie Wilson & Lavern Baker trading insults & obscenities on **THINK TWICE - VERSION I** through to Slim Gaillard's delightfully titled **FUCK OFF (THE DIRTY NEGGER)** we get a whole slew of blue blues. Chuck Willis cuts a rug with **STUCK DOWN BASTARD 1 + 2**, a horned up host of double entendres & dirty jokes ("what did the rooster say to the duck?/said you ain't so good lookin' but you sho' know how to..."). The Blinderns get to the point without beating around on their doo-wop-ditty **DON'T FUCK AROUND WITH LOVE**. Ray Brown, who gave the world **GOOD ROCKIN' TOMORROW**, weighs in with the blood thirsty tale of **BUTCHER PEEK**, who don't do nothing but "fuckin' & fuckin'". The insanely named **Scatch** & the **Scotchmen** introduce us to **THE TIME SLIM** & **BOONDOO CHARLIE** tells the story of **DOGHOUSE JAMES**, a wild cat who, if my bearings not deceiving me, on the first day of school "jumped out the window with his dick in his hand/said 'cause we teacher I'm a whore-not man". Get the picture? A-rated blues for those wee small hours, they don't make 'em like they used to.....

TAV FALCO/FALCON DISCS - **MIDNIGHT IN MEMPHIS**
(New Disc 1989)

We should be grateful for folk like Tav Falco, a guy who, for the last decade, has dug out & dug in the past & given them the panther burn treatment. This is a double live set from the Panther Burns 10th anniversary show, low down & dirty, with the 'Formation originale' & that means we get Li Chilton on guitar too! Check out the auto-erotic of **CHUCK TALK NEGRO**, the bizarre working over of the Bond theme **ELVISH** & kiss-out the jams with **LOVE SHIP** ("baby, baby with a smile/ face/she said baby what's around your waist"/ it was my love ship...").

Make Tav happy, make me happy, buy this record. In the words of Mr Falco you'll "appreciate the dog shit out of it".

Trivia note: Tav Falco has a bit part in the Jerry Lee Biopic **CHUCK BARRY OF FINE**.

SEQUERITA - SEQUERITA (Stateside/SMI 1989)

CAT TALK - Various (AMI 1989)

Sequerita's **ROCKIN' THE JOINT** LP was reviewed back in SP4; now, this budget price release will give everyone the chance to get hip to the guy with the gravity defying pompadour & the spangled specs. Sequerita attacks the ivories like he's killing elephants & lets out his little Richard rollers at the most inopportune moments. Truly one of a kind, if you dig this - & you gotta - check out a recent double set of his complete Capitol sides. Like the **Sequerita** album, **CAT TALK** is a mid-price release on a major label, so you don't need a specialist shop in your area to track it down. If you've never investigated rockabilly, do yourself a favour & invest in this. Originally (re)released in the seventies as a three volume set, this album contains the best of the cuts from the **IMPASSIBLE ROCKABILLY** series. Including Bill Allen's **PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING** (the best The Cramps 'borrowed' for **DRUG TALK**) & Jimmy Govans brain bending **ROCKIN' BY MYSELF**, one of the most savage slices of rockabilly ever to bruise these ears...it'll have you howling for more.

COIL: followers of chaos out of control.

'Like a knife in the sound' - Solar Lodge (Scatology).

Formed by Peter Christopherson & John Balance out of the discord of both Throbbing Gristle & Psychic TV, Coil's first main body of work, after a one sided 12 inch of music created with gongs, bullroarers & swords, was the unique & distinctly unsettling album SCATOLOGY. Produced by Coil & Clint Ruin, a.k.a Jim Fairwell, Poetus....etc, the music uses the process of recording apparently banal sounds & processing them to create momentum within the changing rhythms, leaving the listener floundering in the hope of hearing some form of melodic pattern, tune or arrangement that would remain constant or expected. Not a chance; at its wildest parameters SCATOLOGY systematically deranges the senses. Charged with a crystal clear sound & its almost insatiable trait of being able to take relatively innocuous sounds & instill them with a power to totally play havoc with the imagination, none more so than on THE SEASIDE (SEASIDE BIRTHDAY PARTY, inspired by a short story in the Swedish magazine Mr SM (read the sleeve information, it's worth the album price alone) which uses an uneasy bass, continual dripping & sloshing sounds & snatches of unintelligible conversation to only hint at what scatological nightmare is taking place.

The bands next release was a radically deconstructed version of Soft Cell's TAINTED LOVE, with the originals synthesized dance beat ground down to the bones, the resulting funeral wail complete with carillons & large organs about as miserable as the subject matter it plays with,

the grim reality of AIDS. The accompanying video, produced by Christopherson & Russell Mulcahy, makes no bones about what the band are trying to say. The polarisation of opinion that greeted it when it was released in America is indicative of the effect that the video has. It was either seen as being wretchedly anti-gay or a powerful, thought-provoking, no-nonsense-barred, stare it in the face reaction to AIDS. Lee Harris of Philadelphia's The Kennel Club said 'it stops the dancefloor cold, but people watch it, & then they rush to the bars'. As for the video itself with its cameo appearance by Mark Almond as the leather clad, grape eating, snarling angel of death, hovering around the room of a sick & dying youth, who invokes in the video a tremendous feeling of loss & waste, beauty & corruption, sex & death are concurrent in rooms full of dead flowers that are washed in old sunlight. Indulgence kills, comparatively shown by a glut of flies drowning in a sea of honey.

Coil's next major release, MORSE ROTORVAUER, followed later by it's echoing companion piece GOLD IS THE METAL, was an individual & diverse album, though shot through with an undercurrent theme of death. The band have never shirked away from a taboo subject (you don't say):

after all, they'd already disposed of Charles Manson, scatology, psychic surgery, necrophilia, drug orgies, Crowleyism & gay porn... 'Coil get their hands dirty by deliberately choosing subjects such as scatology, child murderers, AIDS...we go straight to the fusebox, we don't mess around with the fairy lights. We do spook guys, we upset our parents, NME editors, christians - anyone who allows themselves to develop an unnecessary short circuit'. From the album, THE GOLDEN SECTION deals with images of death appearing as an attractive youth, while OSTIA (Italian for sacrifice) deals with Pasolini's savage murder at the unlikely hands of Giuseppe Feloni, a seventeen year old rent boy. As John balance notes, 'As for peoples reactions to the LP we've had the most valuable - to us - from people in the states who have the full blown AIDS disease. Some of them even thanked us for having the attitude towards death that we do, i.e. we talk about it irrelevantly, sometimes callously even, but at least we deal with it. That is the way I hope to be myself, & these people appreciated the no-nonsense attitude that we have'. An interesting correlation on the record is the way the theme of sex has been related to the already apparent theme of death. 'Sex is totally entwined with death, it's creation & destruction...death as an attractive youth, yes because it's tempting to peer behind the curtain - to open the locked door & more, so when it's attractively entrancing it presents the dual nature of things which may be presented as opposites.

In 1984 Coil recorded the soundtrack for Derek Jarman's film THE ANGELIC CONFESSION, as the action in the film was slowed down to a dreamlike, near stationary pace, the music was modified to fit & complement the pace & mood of the film. Jarman, a long standing friend, was present in the studio for much of the recording, 'As a safeguard against our more extreme tendencies perhaps'. These tendencies were to have been unleashed onto the world as Coil were originally going to provide the score for HALLOWEEN, though after New world's anxious interference the Coil score was eventually abandoned for Chris Young's more conventional orchestral themes. A pity, as I feel that Coil's score was better; better suited to the film & better as a piece of music in its own right.



You can judge for yourself, as Coil's last release were those three, packaged with a beautiful cover by Trevor Brown & an acutely accurate quote from Clive Barker. The music acts as an accessible introduction to the bands work. It is more controlled & cohesive than previous releases - yet that lack of cohesion is in any way a bad thing, as SCATLOGY adequately proves. Although dwelling on the more bizarre aspects of the film, the music is prepared to linger on subtleties & dramatic pauses as well as the more sonorous boomings, as it winds its way through the darker fascinations of the film.

If you've got the guts to go, Coil will take you there.

Thank you to Mike Shankland & Nick Gaffey.

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